

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drowlines possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' Climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde

Nor my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might

Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:

And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination see's a Crowne

Dropping vpon thy head.

Seb. What art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepey Language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleepe

With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:

And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink't

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you

Must be so too, if hee'd me: which to do,

Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it

You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed

(Most often) do so neere the bottome run

By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. Pre-thee say on,

The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime

A matter from thee: and a birth, indeed,

Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded

(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely

Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,

'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd;

As he that sleepe here, swims.

Seb. I haue no hope

That hee's vndrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is

Another way so high a hope, that euen

Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me

That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:

The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act

Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come

In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?

'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,

So is she heire of *Naples*, twixt which Regions

There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit

Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*

Measure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,

And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse

Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*

As well as he that sleepe: Lords, that can prate

As amply, and vnneccessarily

As this *Gonzalo*: I my selfe could make

A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore

The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this

For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?

Seb. Me thinkes I do.

Ant. And how do's your content

Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brothet *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,

Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants

Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe

'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not

This Deity in my bosome: Twentie consciences

That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,

And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,

No better then the earth he lies vpon,

If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead):

Whom I wish this obedient Steele (three inches of it)

Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,

To the perpetuall winke for aye might put

This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who

Should not vpbraide our course: for all the rest

They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,

They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that

We sayl besits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*,

Ile come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,

And I the King shall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I reare my hand, do you the like

To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter *Ariel* with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger

That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth

(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzalo's eare.

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-eyed Conspiracie

His time doth take:

If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.

Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserue the King.

Alon. Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose;

(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?

It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;

To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare

Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Gon. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Alon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,

(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:

I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,

I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,

That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground & let's make further search

For my poore sonne.

Gon. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:

For he is sure i'th Island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ariel. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue

So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Caliban*, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
Thunder heard.)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp

From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him

By ynnh-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,

And yet I needes must curle. But they'll not pinch,

Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,

Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke

Out of my way, vnlesse he bid'em; but

For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,

Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,

And after bite me: then like Hedge-hogs, which

Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount

Their prickes at my foot-fall: sometime am I

All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues

Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo,

Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me

For bringing wood in slowly: Ile fall flat,

Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any

weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it

sing i'th winde: yond same blaek cloud, yond huge

one, lookes like a foule bombard that would shed his

liquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know

not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot

choose but fall by paille-fuls. What haue we here, a man,

or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a

very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-Iohn: a

now (as once I was) and

a holiday-foole there but

there, would this *Mou*

beast there, makes a man

doit to relieue a lame Be

a dead *Indian*: Leg'd li

Armes: warme o' my tr

pinion; hold it no long

der, that hath lately l

the storme is come again

der his Gaberdine: the

bout: Misery acquaint

lowes: I will here thro

be past.

Enter *Steph*

Ste. I shall no more to s

This is a very scurvy tun

Funerall: well, here's n

Sings. The Master, th

The Gummer, and his Ma

Lon'd Mall, Meg, and A

But none of us car'd for K

For she had a tongue with a

Would cry to a Sailor goe h

She lov'd not the fauour of

Yet a Tailor might scratch

Then to Sea Boyes, and les

This is a scurvy tune: oc

But here's my comfort.

Cal. Doe not tormen

Ste. What's the mat

Haue we duels here?

Doe you put trickes vpon

Inde? ha? I haue not

now of your foure legges

per a man as euer went o

gine ground: and it sha

phano breathes at' noftri

Cal. The Spirit tormen

Ste. This is some Me

who hath got (as I take

should he learne our lan

liefe if it be but for tha

him came, and get to

sent for any Emperour

ther.

Cal. Doe not tormen

wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit no

wisest; hee shall taste o

drunke wine afore, it w

if I can recouer him, and

too much for him; hee

and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me

non, I know it by thy t

vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your v

is that which will giue

mouth; this will shake

that soundly: you cann

your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know t

It should be,